

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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Communicating Spirits and Mundane Media.

There is a philosophy which governs the intercourse between incarnate and ex-carnate spirits, that it is highly necessary should be understood by every person; for there should be no one without such intercourse; but it is more particularly necessary that it should be understood by those who are used as mediums of communication, or, as it were, gates between earth and heaven.

We do not—be it understood—attempt to teach those who know, already, more than we do. It is to those who have not made this subject their study, that we would address the remarks which we make. As we have frequently before remarked, spirits do not make media. Every man and every woman is more or less a medium. There is not one, probably, that cannot be approached and influenced by some spirit; and this approach and influence can only be made feasible by the physico-spiritual aura which emanates from and encircles the party approached and influenced; and this is what constitutes that which is called the sphere of each person. There is no sane intellect who is so socially churlish as not to welcome some one to conversational intimacy; nor can there be an incarnate spirit without some one out of the flesh sufficiently congenial to render its approach feasible. Hence all are more or less subject to spiritual influence; and this subjection is a degree of mediumship.

What are now denominated spirit media, are those who are most susceptible of spirit influence—who are most impressible and most easily controllable by disembodied spirits. Many of those are so approachable, susceptible and controllable, that communicating spirits can paralyze their faculties and produce what is termed trance, or magnetic insensibility, and even eject their spirits and occupy their physical forms themselves, so as to see, hear, taste, smell and feel, with their senses, and to use their organs of speech, in giving utterance to their heaven-derived wisdom, logic, philosophy and science. These are what are called trance mediums. Their own faculties are paralyzed, that their minds may not interfere with the ideas which the communicating spirit passes through their laboratory of thought, and that their diffidence or distrust of their own powers, may not render them so impassive that the spirit cannot control their vocal organs. This is what is termed spirit control. In most cases, these, by long usage, will become so passive under spirit influence, that their organisms can be used without their being thrown into the trance state. When arrived at this state of development, they speak by impression, and are termed Impressive media. In this case, however, as well as in the case of trance-speaking, the spirit has the whole, or nearly the whole, control of the medium mind. All speakers and writers are said to be more or less subject to spirit influence; but those of whom we have been speaking, are merely passive instruments of communicating spirits.

The quality of susceptibility to spirit influence, which is termed mediumship, being inherent in the human organism, all that

manifesting spirits can do is to use it where they find it, and improve it by their cultivating influence. If they could produce that quality in organisms which have it not, or could so cultivate the infinitesimal germ thereof, which is found in all organisms, as to make them available media, they would be to blame for making choice of such ones as are destitute of those substrata of principle which serve as foundations upon which elevated moral structures can be erected. As it is, they are obliged to take those who are available, whether moral or immoral. It is true that they can exercise an influence over the propensities of their media; but they cannot, at once, metamorphose their dispositions and turn them right about, from the path of vice to that of virtue. The best they can do is to watch over them, labor with them and endeavor to redeem them from the evil of their ways, by the slow process of moral progression. A man or a woman of loose morals and vicious propensities, is just as likely to possess the idiocratic qualities necessary to spiritual mediumship, as those of the most elevated moral refinement; for the two qualities have no necessary connection with each other.

The skeptical lady, who would sooner have the name of breaking all the other commandments in the decalogue, than the single seventh, turns up her nose scornfully at a female medium, and says: Do you think good spirits would choose such a creature as that, as a medium of communication to mortals? Do you not know that she has the name of being familiar with the other sex, out of wedlock? If such vicious persons are made mediums of spiritual communications, I will have nothing to do with Spiritualism. Well, if this lady should be called to dinner by the ring of a bell, she would not go, unless the metal of which the bell was cast, suited her fastidious taste. The female whom she condemns, as being unworthy of spiritual mediumship, may or may not, for all she knows, have committed the breach of law which she is charged with. And if she have, is she more immoral or unworthy than the lady who uncharitably spurns her, and unjustly condemns her, without any evidence of her guilt? Then look at the crime of which she is accused. Is not slander of innocence a sin of a thousand times deeper dye? At most, it is a breach of a conventional law, committed in obedience to a law of nature. The law of nature is imperative in its command to the sexes. The conventional law steps in and says, *No*—not till you have entered into certain stipulations and obligations, which it may be you will never be able to find any second party to agree to. The question may arise, in the mind of the communicating spirit, if it hesitate at all as to the morals of the trumpet which it is about to use, which law is more obligatory—the law of nature, or the conventional law? And if it do not decide that the breach of the latter is more sinful than the breach of the former, it will probably do as Jesus did—say, “neither do I condemn thee.” And such a spirit would labor to make the spiritual of her nature absorb the physical, and redeem her from her animal propensities, by the process of development and progression. Let it not be understood that

we favor what is termed illicit intercourse of the sexes. We revere the institution of marriage, and condemn, as demoralizing and degrading to humanity, the promiscuous indulgence of the animal propensities; but we aim to show that the sin complained of and made to work damnation to the female character, is, in its nature, when prompted by love, the nearest akin to moral innocence of any thing made criminal by the civil code. Let it be expressly understood, however, that, from this category, we exclude all excesses of indulgence, and all mercenary libidinousness, condemning them as tending to debase humanity below the brute creation.

That was a gem of moral and spiritual philosophy, which Jesus is said to have uttered, when the accusers of the woman, taken in adultery, asked him what should be done to her—whether she should be stoned or not: “Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.” If all those, both outside and inside of the Spiritual fraternity, who turn up their scornful noses at mediums, and cast stones of vituperation at them, on account of their want of moral purity, would turn their eyes inward and read the record in their souls, of all their own moral derelictions, they would cry *unclean*, and march off, blushing with shame, as the woman’s accusers did.

By way of episode, let us give expression to an idea suggested by referring to the scene of the accused and acquitted adulteress. The book says: “But Jesus stooped down and, with his finger, wrote on the ground, *as though he heard them not.*” The words which we have italicised, are italicised in the book, which we suppose to mean, that they are adscititious; not having been in the original copy of John’s gospel. Why did he stoop down and write on the ground? One so pure could not have been a false pretender, as the italicised words would seem to indicate. Did he not get the wisdom which he gave utterance to, from the angels who had the care of him, by thus writing with his finger, as media do at the present day? The thought was eminently worthy of such source.

Having shown that mediumship and morals are in no way dependent on each other, the one being idiocratic and the other the result of education and surrounding circumstances, we will proceed to speak of some of the less pleasing features of spiritual intercourse. Spirits of all grades have perception which discovers the quality of mediumship, in all organisms in which it is available for communication. Spirits of the ignorant and vicious can discover this quality as well as those of the wise and virtuous. Media, as we have shown, may be immoral and ignorant as well as otherwise. Every medium, as well as every other person who is not endowed with the quality of mediumship, to an available extent, will attract spirits who are on the same moral and intellectual plane. As a matter of course, their communications will be correspondent with their qualities. The spirit which remains ignorant and vicious, up to the hour of physical dissolution, will, of necessity, be ignorant and vicious after it enters the spirit world. It will remain ignorant till it receives lessons of truth and wisdom, and acquires knowledge. And the vicious disposition which it has imbibed from bad education and evils surrounding it, and carried with it in its transition, will naturally leave it, in company with its natural brother and counterpart, Ignorance, when the latter is forced to give place to the knowledge and wisdom of angelic teachers.

Now let rational minds look at these circumstances and see what propriety there is in condemning the Spiritual philosophy, because false communications have been received from ignorant spirits through media of similar character. Men and women who mani-

fest ordinary common sense, in all their intercourse with mortals, frequently degenerate into stupidity, when holding intercourse with disembodied spirits. Through ignorant, if not vicious, media, they will propound questions of philosophy, to spirits equally ignorant, such as can be properly responded to only by spirits of the higher spheres, who have made philosophy and science the study and exercise of many decades of spirit life. If one of these “investigators” should hear a bearded bipid enquire of a group of marble playing children, what were the relative merits of Aristotle and Pythagorus, as philosophers, he would pronounce him either idiotic, drunk or insane. Yet the same person will be guilty of folly quite as absurd and ridiculous, while sitting with an undeveloped and ignorant medium, at a table which is tipped by a spirit who knows no more of the philosophy of the spirit world than it did when it was an ignorant drunkard in its earth form. Such spirits will always answer; and they generally answer according to the best knowledge of those of their class, and are just as reliable as they would have been had they answered the same questions before their transition. After receiving the answers of ignorant spirits, they see conflicting answers to the same questions, which have been received from progressed spirits, through developed media. Here is a discrepancy which convinces the shallow-minded investigator that communicating spirits are all lying devils, or that Spiritualism is a humbug.

All these manifestations are significant and useful, if investigators could find philosophy enough in their brains to make the proper use of them. Children who are developed, in families, as tipping, rapping or writing media, have their uses, although their little spirit brothers, sisters and cousins know nothing of the philosophy of the spheres. The men and the women who sit by, see and know that the table is moved, or the raps are produced by some other power than the children’s muscles. And although the answers to questions may be all erroneous, yet they will be fashioned in consonance with the tenor of the questions; which is incontrovertible evidence of intelligence. This proves the source of the answers to be spiritual, just as conclusively as if they were true. If parents would treat their disembodied children, and their undeveloped spirit friends, who are no more than children, as they treat similar ones in the flesh—that is, require nothing of them beyond their capacity to give, they would act rationally. The fact that they communicate at all, is a truth of inconceivable importance; and if this were treated as the A. B. C. of the Spiritual philosophy, instead of being captiously criticised as the full developed philosophy itself, it would do its mission and progress upward, through the stages of development, to maturity and ripeness.

The identification of communicating spirits, is so much of a desideratum with mortal investigators, that it opens a field of very considerable magnitude for the amusement of spirits who are inclined to playfulness, as many of them are. Men and women of this mundane sphere, are too generally worshippers of great names. The best philosophy that can come from heaven to earth, is good for nothing, if it come not sanctioned by a name notable in earth. If it come from FRANKLIN, or from SWEDENBORG, or from BACON, or from WASHINGTON, or from PAINE, or from some other name which occupies a conspicuous page in history, it will be accepted, without critical inspection; but if no name come with it, or none that the investigator ever heard of, it is deemed not worth a thought. No matter how elevated the philosophy—how forcible the logic—how plainly the character of eternal truth is stamped on the angelic

message; it receives but little attention, if unsanctioned by some one of those prominent names, or by some esteemed personal friend of the investigator.

All the inhabitants of the spirit world have become aware of this general requirement of names, and the general partiality for particular names. Hence no spirits of the third, fourth, fifth or fifteenth class, will fail to attach some acceptable name to their communications. If all spiritual communications were to be believed, FRANKLIN must have been communicating personally, in hundreds of places at the same moment; SWEDENBORG must be ubiquitous; WASHINGTON and PAINE must have divided themselves into many fractions; and all other notable spirits must have each resolved himself into a committee of fifty.

Disembodied spirits are as anxious to communicate as incarnate ones are to receive communications; and if they may not be listened to respectfully, without assuming some name which the investigator likes to listen to, they will assume the ones which they know to be acceptable. And why not? the owners of names, on earth, leave them behind them, when they go to the spirit world, having no farther use for them, and they are common property to all who choose to use them. Hence it is that the same communicating spirit is said to teach conflicting philosophies, in different localities. Our SMITH and DAYTON are very frequently thus misrepresented. As a case in point, some years ago, an intimate acquaintance of ours who had been developed as a writing medium, but who had not divested himself of his orthodox prejudices, had his hand used by a spirit who had carried a similar prejudice to the spirit world with him, who wrote against Universalism, warning all persons that the religion taught by the preachers of that sect was wrong and damning, and must be eschewed by all who would be saved from damnation. And to this was appended the name of STEPHEN R. SMITH.

EDGAR C. DAYTON, who speaks and writes through numerous well developed media, is made to contradict himself in philosophical teachings, and to utter the verriest nonsense that ever came from an incarnate blockhead, in hundreds of instances. And for this there is no blame to be attached to the media, excepting that they do not labor to develop themselves morally and intellectually, above the plane of such ignorant and false spirits. Indeed, if the medium be really developed and progressed beyond the reach of such spirits, when alone, they are enabled to approach him or her, when in company with undeveloped persons, and use the medium the same as if similarly undeveloped. If an ill-natured and slanderous person be in company with a medium of different character, a spirit like the former may approach and control the medium, and give utterance to false accusations against the characters of those whom the slanderer would malign. And this should teach developed media to be careful what their associations are, and to take care that they are not used for such base purposes.

To "try the spirits," is the duty of all investigators. No spirit should be belived any the more for being a spirit, when it gives utterance to any thing which is irrational or in conflict with philosophy and science. Treat a spirit out of the form with the same courtesy and respect that you do those in the form; and receive what they say with the same regard to rational probability. If a spirit tell you the next shower of rain will be blood, pay no more attention to it than if it had been read in a tea-cup, by a prophetess incarnate. Whatever a spirit communicates through a truthful medium, which is not contradicted by circumstances and probabilities, should command credence. All else should be treated as mere bagatelle, or unmeaning chat.

Obituary Notice of Rev. Stephen R. Smith.

There are, we doubt not, many people who attend the lectures at Townsend Hall, and listen to the eloquent philosophy poured forth by that noble spirit, through the organism of T. G. FORSTER, as well as many hundreds who read the lectures received from him, through Miss Brooks, who never knew him during his earth life, and who know nothing of his history. Judging others by ourself, we are inclined to believe that such ones would be pleased to know something of who and what he was before he was divested of his garment of clay. We, therefore, republish an obituary notice which we wrote and published in the *Sunday Bulletin*, on the 24th of February, 1850—just one week subsequent to his departure.

It will be seen that we said: "On the third Sabbath in March, 1839, he preached the last sermon that was ever to greet the ears that delighted to drink at his rich and abundant intellectual fountain." And so, in our ignorance of the true spiritual philosophy, we verily believed; but, thanks to Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, by which that glorious philosophy is in course of development to receptive humanity, we are still privileged to listen to his teachings, returning to us again, as he has recently expressed it, with his sheaf, gathered in a country where boundless wisdom, and truth unmingled with error, are to be had by those who seek them. Oh! ungrateful man—what a boon is this to thank God for! and how few—how shamefully few, are those who feel and acknowledge the obligation.

DEATH OF REV. STEPHEN RENNELAER SMITH.

This Rev. gentleman and most worthy man finished his earthly pilgrimage on Sunday the 17th instant, at his late residence in this city.

The greater portion of the readers of our sheet, were well acquainted with the deceased; and to those who did not know him, a lengthened obituary notice would be uninteresting. We therefore write, not so much for the information of our many readers, as to discharge the duty which we deem to be incumbent on us, to put on record those sentiments in regard to him, which we know to be generally entertained by those who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. A sense of duty, also, to the local community here, with whom he so long associated, by whom he was so highly esteemed, and among whom he died, requires of us that we should make known to other and similar communities, in different parts of the state and country, of whom he was a member and by whom he was fellowshipped, in earlier periods of his life, that he lost nothing of his amiabilities of nature or power of mind, either by the lapse of years or the infirmities of his body, and that we appreciate his worth as well as they.

Mr. SMITH was born in Albany, in this State, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1788. He received a good English education, but, as we think, was not a collegian. At what time he became a member of the Universalist Society, we are not informed, but we have learned from himself that this was the first and only religious faith he ever embraced. His first effort in the ministry, was a sermon preached at Brookfield, East Parish, Massachusetts, in August, 1813. Thence forward, he spent his time principally in itinerating in New Hartford, Oneida co., N. Y., and vicinity, until June, 1816, when he engaged to preach at Williamsville, in this (Erie) county, half of the time, itinerating the other half. Here he remained until February, 1819, when he returned to New Hartford, and continued with the church and society there till Oct. 1825. Then he removed to Philadelphia and settled as pastor of the Callow Hill Universalist Church, where he remained just three years. Besides his arduous clerical labors, he edited a religious paper there, the title of which we do not remember. These labors, together with the unfavorable effect of the climate upon his health, were making

visible inroads upon his constitution, and he was compelled to leave there and retire to a more healthy and less laborious situation. From Philadelphia he removed to Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y., where he remained till the 1st of September, 1837. Thence he removed to Albany, where he remained till he removed to Buffalo. Here he commenced his labors as pastor of the First Universalist Society, on the first Sunday of May, 1843. And here he continued in the labors of the ministry, notwithstanding the steady encroachments of the enemy which finally overcame him, till the morning of the third Sabbath in March, 1849, when he preached the last sermon that was ever to greet the ears that delighted to drink at his rich and abundant intellectual fountain! The number of regular sermons which he preached, from the commencement to the close of his ministerial course, was 5,126.—Add to these the vast number of Literary, Temperance and Moral lectures which he delivered, but which there is no record of, and we have an almost incredible amount of labor for the number of years in which it was performed.

When we say that STEPHEN R. SMITH was a bright particular star in the galaxy of intellect; that he was one of the most powerful logicians of the age; that, in stern integrity and moral worth, he left no superior; and that the amiabilities of his disposition were such as the purest in spirit might not shame to fellowship and emulate, we say what we conscientiously believe to be true, and feel guiltless of extravagant eulogium.

His style of pulpit oratory was his own. He never made an effort at the sublime, nor indulged in ranting declamation. His language seemed to flow easily and from an unfailing fountain, and it seemed to be chosen as the best possible vehicle of the ideas he wished to convey. His reasoning was so clear and so plain that none could misapprehend him; and very few, we think, ever fell asleep within the sound of his voice. Although his evident aim was rather to be lucid than eloquent, he sometimes, when thoroughly warmed up with his subject, would unconsciously give rein to his powers, and a flood of burning eloquence would seem to pour forth in spite of him, that would thrill through every nerve, and almost suspend the breath of his whole audience. It always seemed, when he was speaking, as if he was constantly guarding against those electrifying flights of a curvetting genius. His mind and talents, if they had been thitherward directed, would have enabled him to fill any civil station with honor to himself; but the Senate Chamber would have been the sphere of usefulness in which his powers of logic and rhetoric would have made him a star of the first magnitude.

When the skeptic denies the immortality of such a spirit, and when the materialist affirms that it is convertible into gross matter, we verily believe they know not what they say.

With the genuineness or spuriousness of the tenets of faith which Mr. SMITH professed and preached, we have nothing to do. We esteemed him highly, not for his religious faith, but for the strength and beauties of his intellect, for his exemplary moral virtues, for his social amenities, and for his great goodness of heart. So we must if he had been a Jew, a Mahometan or a Pagan. That he was honest in the doctrine which he inculcated, no one who knew him could possibly doubt. Both his life and his death proved his sincerity. Protracted and disheartening as were his bodily sufferings, his mind remained unjostled while life lasted. He anxiously desired, whilst he calmly awaited, the coming of the hour when his spirit should be released; and he was cheerful to the last moment as he was when in the flush of health. He expired at the moment when the sun sunk in the western horizon; and those who witnessed the coincidence, could scarcely help reflecting, that two luminaries had set simultaneously, both to rise again, each in its own proper morning, and each to shine on in the sphere allotted to it, reflecting the glory of its Creator.

—The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance of words, than in enabling others to find talk for themselves.—Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please.

Post Mortem Conjugal Affection.

We are permitted to publish the following communication, through Mr. REDMAN, of one who has "gone before," to her counterpart in the flesh. Names are withheld from us.

My Dear, Dear Companion of earth:

Earthly things still continue to grow and develop. The willow still swings o'er the little pool. The oak still continues to be the home of the fledglings who seek a dwelling place within and around its spreading boughs. The violet still continues to bloom in modesty, between the hills; and man, the controller of these beauties of God and Nature, also lives, moves and breathes out his mortal existence. When I look upon thee, it seems as though I were gazing upon some garden, where, every time the gardener scrutinizes his work, he finds some new flower hath become developed, and its progress maketh him smile with delight. So it is with thee, blest one—each morn that I come to thee, I perceive another bud opened, and it bows with grateful pleasure to me as I approach. And not for me only does the little gem blossom, but for the world. Therefore, with angel hands, do I give it three drops of dew each morn, instead of one, and bid it spread rich fragrance 'round its neighbors. O my Companion! Earth is a vast book, each reality a volume; every shrub a type or embellishment; and man the great school-boy, under the tuition of his God. But still the pupil would rather patch together his own ideas and study therefrom than take the standard teachings of his Great Instructor. The Earth and her children are estranged; but when the good time comes, then shall these pages of nature blaze with living letters, and man shall be compelled to read and take the philosophy of circumstance. This will be when he hath changed from the first to the second class. Even so, my companion, is, has been, and will be the career of thy brethren. I glory in thee, for thou dost act as one who points to the covers of this vast book, and bids the multitude read.

Thy Angel Companion,

ANOTHER.

My Dear, Dear Companion:

To find a moment when I can thus address thee, is to find a pearl which is priceless. And to enjoy one moment, is the condensed enjoyment of thousands. Gladly do I welcome the hour when I can hold converse with thee, even though, at the time, you are not present; for it binds more strongly the cords that secure our eternal home, and bids the garden of our bliss smile with life. Surely it seems as though I were on earth and still a spirit. When by thy side I daily walk, to give thee strength, I can enjoy sweet spirit gifts, and yet mingle in thy society, as when on earth. There are more ties than one that bind us, and more blessings than one that give us encouragement; for daily as I tread my spiritual path of duty, I receive new light as to our future progress.

Fear not that I shall rise above thee; for even if I am one sphere in advance, it will make me happy to come and take thee by the arm and assist thee up the spiral spheres of eternal light. Thou art a teacher, and the talents that thou hast shall be well sustained; and when thy account here hath been rendered up, thy usury shall be great, and thy reward be received with joy unspeakable.

Go on, thou precious one—thy life and mine are one. We have been given to each other; and though you are mortal and I immortal, I have but gone before to prepare the way for thee.

Thy Angel Mate,

JUST SENTIMENT.

A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by others' labor,—like a leech, to filch its food out of the public granary—or, like a shark, to prey on the lesser fry, but will one way or other earn his substance.

Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

"Thou dreamest too of happiness—the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well—
Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean's waves, are heard with secret swell,
And they who hear the frequent half-hushed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailings of the storm gone by."

From childhoods golden waters to the dark ocean of human experience, and from our childhood to old age, we dream of lasting joy. We seek its vibrations in the utterances of our own hearts, and search for its pearls of pleasure in the depths of every human soul, while constantly we move on, and the low zephyr with its *Æolian* tones, sends its echo of joy to our hearts, while the muttering storm courses on, and we combat with its maddening strength, until the sigh of the soul, drawn in sorrow's breath, whispers, the wailing of the storm hath gone by. And again the sun-light of hope doth not refuse our hearts its cheering influence, and we live for a brief moment in joy. And yet waves of time roll on, destroying the joy of many loving hearts, and while it brings the fragrance of pleasure, it likewise brings the shadow of sorrow. And while, in the scenes of some happy hearts, we hear the echo of some bridal joy, at the same time we hear the sigh of death in other scenes of human life. And while time to one, brings perfumes of joy upon its seemingly happy bosom, it also brings deepest misery to another, in its bitter ordeals of destiny.

The winds of life moan fearfully through the chambers of our souls; the rolling thunder of distrust and unkindness ruptures ties of love; the lightnings of hope with their vivid flash, gleam mockingly from out the darkened sky; our souls sink in sorrow, and we wait to catch the first wailings of the storm going by. At last the dews of heaven fall gently upon the parched desert of existence, the burning desert of the soul is again refreshed by the pearly drops of gentle words, and again we live on a bright oasis of joy; human though it be, yet sweet to the soul, who is panting for some responsive sympathy from humanity. No dark clouds are now visible in the horizon of our fates, and we live in a divine appreciation of the joy which even the storm may bring after its fearful realities die away to be no more. And as along the beaten path of existence we tread, strewn here with flowers and there with thorns, and strains of music seem to re-echo from the sky, and a thousand worlds sing their joy to God, or in some gliding stream of the soul, we fling the pebbles of love and agitate the faithful bosom of the heart's pure trust, and awaken its energies to the duty of life—to be good and gentle to its kindred; we hear the angels say, in heaven our homes will forever be free from care, bright and enduringly beautiful. Yes, then the wailings of the storm will have gone by, and the uplifted and uprising soul in gladness will mount the myriad of eternal existences, outshining from God's soul, in one grand and universal world, revolving 'midst a galaxy of eternities, whose brightest energies are love, whose central power of attraction is goodness, and whose vital existence is wisdom. There no more will the storm still blow on, if the human soul be first true to itself; because then it cannot but be true to its God and its heaven. But the soul will revel in the corruscations of a coming eternity, and immortality will reflect its beneficence upon every breathing faculty of the mind, and each infinite qualification will rise to greet the effulgent light emanating from the Positive Source of all life, all being.

The combinations of the soul human minds cannot solve; and the soul must, in all its incidents of life, realize impulses of charity and kindness, though the lips may speak ungratefully and uncharitably, and the configurations of the countenance give a thousand expressions of those unjust remarks which oft come clad in the dreaded robe of censure. The inflowings of the human heart, alone, in their susceptibility to the sigh of sympathy, cannot, within the true depths of the inner man, repulse one breath of an undying yet demanding sympathy; for sym-

thy and love came from God, and are emblazoned in lines of unmistakened loveliness, on the walls of heaven, and flow and ebb in divine beauty upon the mystical shores of external life, and find their echo in the chambers of the soul. And in all the indications of the workings and deliberations of the infinite faculty of wisdom, they are characterized by a tender and gentle influence, concealing the promptings of a human nature in the fragrance of charity, and in the great principle of the universe—Love. And all the disunity of action and feeling, comes not from the innate depravity of being, nor from the tendency of sin, but from misdirection, that with giant movement has, in mightiest efforts, and with humanized energies, rode over the sea of many centuries, leaving its blackening trace all along the zenith of religious liberty, and shattered to atoms a constitution of free unrestricted thought, established in the soul of man. A mere thought constitutes the soul's God; and of such there are many; but the Deity of love and the God of wisdom are but *one*, and *one alone* and *only*. And the elements of tenderness, kindness and charity, such as gush spontaneously from the depths of the soul, are expressed in all the beauties that line the vaulted chambers of the expanded heavens. And they likewise are embodied in all the sensations and motions of existence, and become an outward expression of divine thought. The law of infinite association determines the perpetuity of the soul's identity, and its individuality cannot by any law or code of laws, in material or spiritual life, blend or inter-associate with creations, so as to lose its individual existence; for the body, which the interior action of the soul has thus truly elaborated, is developed and unfolded constantly, from the first manifestation of infant life, to the hour of the mind's transition to a higher world by the specific essence of an interior soul. And, consequently, man becomes the centre and goal to which all other forms of life flow, and thus becomes, in refinement and beauty, adapted to the whole constitution of nature.

The body of creation is merely a representative of the soul, animating its pulses of life with constantly renewed energies and activities, and demonstrates, materially, that the human mind is a perfection of all matter in nature, and is spiritually, on earth, the highest embodied perfection of motion; and those unvarying principles of the universe, that bring forth important revealments in every minute evolution, forbid that matter and motion can act separately; and while we admit this true hypothesis, we must give a far more refined tangibility to the soul, after its transition to its adapted world of universal progress and eternal love, than materially it can possibly possess. And in forcing this fact upon the consideration of reason, its effects cannot but be a perfect restitution of harmony and peace upon the broad social plane of human life. They cannot but unfold and expand the searching intellect, and give new and eternal energies to the perceptions and penetrations of the human mind, and carry it beyond the crude inconsistencies of misadapted conceptions, which have rolled from the volcano of past errors, and strown their burning lava even upon the bosom of the nineteenth century, destroying in many Edens of the human heart, the fragrant flowers of truth and love, whose rich perfumes have been crushed and concealed from the soul's gaze, by the dark shadows of wrong and error, which alone find their birth in the traditions of antiquity. And man *only* and alone dims the brilliant present, by teaching errors which cannot stand the test of reason. And the brilliancy of the scientific world of to-day, shoots athwart the revealed bosom of eternal reason, sending its influxes of truth into the receptacle of material knowledge—the human mind. It removes instantly all the injustice of the past, the wickedness of antiquity, and in its beautiful and prophetic meditations, unchains the slave of misconceived opinions, whose shackles have grown rusty and old by the blighting influence of ancient error. Yes, the wailings of the storm are fast going by. No more will the faint voice of human reason crush out every vital spark of affectional feeling toward its kindred, and leave them to the cold merciless waves of the uncharitable; but the extended hand of charity is seen in snowy whiteness, in the gilded halls of aristocratic distinction, and finds its echo in

the cottage of the humble and outwardly poor. And the *merits* of the soul begin to determine the beauty and purity of social life, while religious worship, and christian-like goodness is being based upon the practical purity of pure action. And the noble qualities of the soul begin materially to constitute the man, and aristocratic distinction is beginning to be too despotic and tyrannizing, too arbitrary and slavish, to admit of a bold and daring reason, which fears not to soar aloft and view the beings and existences of a God, dwelling in the magnificence and beauty of space; but the tide of truth is rolling on, forever on, and in its onward roll is sweeping away the errors that have so long chained the *true* conceptions of God within the sanctuary of the heart; for the lips dare not, in years gone by, utter what the soul felt.

The hope of the restitution of the long crushed rights of the human mind, is beginning to send its brilliant power into the bosom of to-day, while the great future trembles with its electric power and influence. Man has stood unmoved and unchained, at the burning stake, that by physical persecution he might nobly and faithfully dare to breathe his conceptions of a God, clothed in the language of his own soul, and embodied in a free opinion. And as physical persecution followed the free thinker of the blackened past, the nineteenth century, schooled in the bitter experience now sleeping silently in the bosom of oblivion, would shatter to atoms the constitution of the human soul, rend asunder every tie of immortal hope, and make the earth a *hell* indeed. But the very elements of moral philanthropy, deep rooted in a few noble hearts of the present day, will chase away the shadows extending almost into the future, drive away the scowling and threatening storm, stay the electric flash of the combined elements, now agitating the moral world, check the muttering thunder of religious bigotry, and establish, in a general humanity, the majesty and glory of heaven, and open the labyrinths of nature, that the influxes of the immortal world may flow forth and expand the soul of man, in true wisdom and moral purity. Then when the fond beatings of his heart have ceased, and his soul hath gone home, the muttering music of the ocean shall send its whitened spray to mingle with the melody of the little rivalet, the stars shall shine more brilliantly, and all nature tremble with the echo, as the words fall from angel lips, "The wailings of the storm have gone by."

Truly, E. C. DATTON.

For the Age of Progress.

Harmony Hall.

HARBOR CREEK, Erie county, Penn., Aug. 27, 1856.

BROTHER ALBRO:—

I attended a two-days meeting of the Friends of Spiritualism, held on Carter Hill, five miles from Wattsburgh, Erie county, Pa. About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the people began to come in from all points of the compass. The building, capable of holding several hundred, was soon filled to overflowing, and many were compelled to find temporary seats outside, or return home. The audience was ably addressed by Brothers Greely and Messenger, whose philosophical reasoning upon the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and their happy mode of delivery, were sufficient to convince any unprejudiced skeptic, that spirits of the departed can and do hold intercourse with their friends and affinities on earth. After these gentlemen had concluded their remarks, some spirit took possession of P. D. Bryant, controlling his organism to speak from these words: "What went ye out into the wilderness to see, a reed shaken with the wind?" His manner of address, reasoning power and eloquence of speech and gesture bespoke the orator, and led captive the minds of the audience.

After the conclusion of the speech through Mr. Bryant, Miss Nancy Lawrence was soon under control of what purported to be the spirit of an Indian Chief; and such a withering rebuke to every species of slavery, we have seldom if ever heard. Humanity was called upon in strains of the most thrilling eloquence, to so live and cultivate the spiritual man, that their affections may become so elevated as to hold sweet communion with spirits of sublimer spheres, and be prepared for

that degree of elevation that awaits the truly good and great of earth.

The progress of spiritualism in Columbus and vicinity, Warren co., Pa., has been remarkable, considering the obstacles surmounted. The seats of a beautiful edifice, occupied by an orthodox congregation, have become deserted; and also in the pews of the Methodist meeting-house two male members only are found.

In Wrightsville, the seeds of truth have been sown upon good and honest hearts; and circumstances justify us in predicting a mighty shaking among the dry bones of superstition.

Yours truly,

ZALMON E. PECK.

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO:—Will you accept the following communication, given through the mediumship of your friend, L. P. SAVAGE, August 16, 1856.

Yours,

RUSSELL WHITNEY.

He comes! the white winged messenger of peace—
He comes to bid wars, strifes and tumults cease;
His brow is placid and his eye serene,
And in his hand the olive branch is seen.
His standard white, already there unfurl'd
Is wafted to and fro, o'er all the world:
Hail its approach, ye mighty men and strong;
It comes! shout ye aloud, your ranks along,
For lo! the Prince of Peace beneath its folds,
Calm and majestic, he the banner holds.
He asks that you would cease your inward broils,
And bind yourselves no more to war's dread toils:
The din of battle and the cannon's roar,
He bids you silence, aye, from sea to shore.
The blood-red flag, stained with a brother's gore,
Above your heads is bid to float no more—
Along your ranks, where blood and carnage reign,
Where widows weep and mourn their husbands slain.
As suppliants bend, and here your wills subdue;
And here, as warriors brave—as good men firm and true,
Disband your legions, lessened though in fight,
And pointing to that banner, pure and white,
Make bare each head, and on the bended knee,
Shout hail, all hail! to him who makes you free.
Leave scenes of war with ages long gone by,
When battle-axe and helmet gleamed on high,
When barb'rous foes with barb'rons foes engaged,
In deadly fight, and fierce their wars they waged—
Where fathers gray with age, where son and sire,
Together fell in battle's fiercest fire—
Where horse and rider, yielding up their breath,
Beneath a fallen foe were crushed in death;
Or, riderless, the steed there sought in vain
To hear his master's voice among the slain;
The wolf prowled there, and there the raven's brood,
And fierce hyenas from their lairs intrude;
Turn ye away, O! men of peace, and bold,
From that which barter blood for sordid gold,
From hate that brutalizes and betrays,
And brother on the battle-field a brother slays.
Turn ye to him whose words of truth and love,
Are brought as offerings from his home above.
His offerings of peace he brings along,
And thus he speaks to the assembled throng:
"Come ye to me—forsake the toils of war—
Lay down your arms and seek new homes afar,
Where comfort dwells, where peace and plenty reign,
And flocks and herds are scattered o'er the plain—
Where sport the lambs, with fleeces white as snow,
And fruits and flowers in rich abundance grow—
Where yellow grain rewards the reaper's toil,
And dews from heaven sustain the verdant soil—"

Where meagre pestilence ne'er stalks abroad,
And where pale famine never yet hath trod;
Give thanks, then, to the Father, to Him who rules above,
Let thanks then reach high heaven, where all is peace and love;
Then shall your rich reward be earned, to all the faithful given,
An everlasting resting place, a peaceful home in heaven."

Fault Finding.

A carping correspondent, who claims to be a spiritualist, chides us for writing so much on the subject of marriage, conjugal affinity, &c., and says, that is a matter which concerns nobody but the parties themselves, and should not be made the subject of newspaper discussion. It is also insinuated by the writer, that we sometimes favor the idea of free love, and sometimes come out against it.

Inasmuch as the initial "N." may stand for Nancy, Nathan, or Neutrality, we know not whether our correspondent is a *he*, a *she* or a *compromise*; but we can assure *it*, be it who or what it may, that we shall take the liberty to say what we please, on all subjects of important interest to the community in general, notwithstanding individual objections. We admit that individual marriages, in which no conventional law is transgressed, are not proper subjects of newspaper comment: but the institution of marriage, and the conjugal state, are not only legitimate, but highly important subjects of disquisition.

As an evidence that we are affirmatively as well as negatively appreciated, we are tempted to give to our readers, in this connection, a private letter, which we should not presume to do, if it were not that it comes from a public man, who may well be termed the eldest apostle of modern spiritualism—the Founder of the Harmonial Philosophy:

ROCHESTER, 22d Aug. '56.

STEPHEN ALBRO—

My Venerable Brother:—We are on the way to the Grove Convention of Reformers and Spiritualists, in Genesee county. Last evening, at the home of ISAAC POST, I read the last issue of your publication. The leading article—"The Connubial State"—is the best general statement of the question I have ever seen in print. It is broad, just, dispassionate, suggestive. The purity of monogamic marriage is affirmed; the necessity of loving as tenderly subsequent to marriage as prior to that event; the power of individual *will* to overcome a great amount of conjugal evil and disaffection; the wisdom of divorces, when discord cannot be transformed to harmony—irrespective of children; and, best of all, that the "remedy" for evils in mismatched marriages, is, *to have no such marriages!* Allow me, my worthy friend, to express my gratitude for the publication of an article so fraught with truth, on the most important of all neglected subjects.

Yours, in the spirit of Truth,

A. J. DAVIS,

For the Age of Progress.

BUFFALO, August 26, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—I last evening attended one of Mr. Davenport's meetings for the manifestation of Spiritual influence; and, while there, experienced a *test*, which has fully convinced me of the agency of spirits in the strange and startling phenomena which occurred. It was as follows:

All persons except the two elder mediums and myself, were requested by the spirits to leave the apartment. I placed a hand upon the head of each and they placed their hands upon my arms, in such a manner that it would have been utterly impossible to have moved them without my having been aware of it. Their feet were also placed so that they could not have been moved without my knowledge. The several

musical instruments made use of in the manifestations (a violin, a guitar, a tin horn and a small hand bell) were lying before us on the table. After having secured this position, and satisfied myself that neither of the mediums could produce sounds upon the instruments, as they were then situated, the company retired, taking with them the light, though they first carefully examined the room to see that no person was concealed therein. Immediately on the closing of the door, the bell commenced ringing; a voice spoke through the trumpet; the strings of the guitar were strummed violently; and in truth, such a medley of discordant sounds my ears were never before saluted with. During this exhibition of their musical skill, the spirits were moving the instruments about in the air, and they several times came in contact with my head. This concert was continued several moments; then the horn was thrown to a distant part of the room; the violin and bell were dropped upon the table, and the guitar came and laid itself affectionately against my shoulder. The company then re-entered, and the instruments were found in the above described positions.

To conclude, I will say that I entered Mr. Davenport's room a scoffing skeptic, and that I left it a firm believer in the spiritual phenomena.

H. J. GILBERT.

For the Age of Progress.

MR. ALBRO:—

The following lines were written twenty-five years ago, but were never published. Should you think them worthy a place in your paper, their insertion will much oblige the author.

FRANCIS R. GOURLEY.

A Father's Address to his first born Infant Son.

My lovely boy—hope's earnest given,
What mingled feelings mark thy birth,
Of joy and pain—thou gem of heaven,—
Thou flower of earth.

Thou reck'st not of those darksome hours
O'er grief, the world's sad pilgrim mourns,
Thine will not prove a path of flowers,
Without its thorns.

Life's journey hath its thorny cares;
Vice is in rain-bow colors dressed;
Child, though I cannot check my fears,
I hope the best.

These puny hands—nay, helpless boy,
Why from my gentle grasp recoil?
Why thus avert thy gentle eye
And cherub smile?

These little hands, so tender now,
Hardened by toil, thy bread must earn;
With unborn cares thy placid brow
Will sadly burn.

My boy, to wealth thou art not born,
Nor do I covet, now, that boon;
May virtue's path thy steps adorn,
In life's gay noon.

Then will thy Father's heart receive
A balm, ere death his beck hath given,
Quit thee, without a pang, and leave
The rest to heaven.

But though I press thy lips to mine,
With all a Father's wish sincere,
I muse on cares which must be thine,
And shed a tear.

Farewell! my little babe, a while;
I would not break thy slumber's spell;
Thou hast thy mother's dimpling smiles—
I wish thee well.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO... EDITOR.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

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NOTICE.

The proprietors of the Age of Progress offer the following inducements to clubs and to all who are interested in the cause of Spiritualism:—

Any person forwarding to us four subscribers with the subscription money enclosed (\$8.00) shall be entitled to the fifth copy.

Clubs of 20 sent to one address.	\$25.00
" " 10 " " " "	15.00
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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Saturday evening, at our developing circle, Pro. DAYTON announced, through Bro. FORSTER, that Mr. SMITH would speak, on Sunday, both afternoon and evening, and that both would comprise one lecture, the subject of which would be the scripture text: Mat. XXV—46. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

We are truly sorry that we did not receive this announcement in time to publish it in the daily papers. Our afternoon meeting, as we have elsewhere remarked, is at such an unusual hour that the attendance is not more than half as numerous as it is in the evening. The subject is so interesting in itself, that, had it been generally known, it must have secured a full attendance.

We think all who were present, who are capable of comprehending and truly appreciating its merits, will agree with us that this lecture, for the historical knowledge, scholastic erudition, power of logic and sublimity of oratory, displayed by the lecturer, has never been exceeded, if equalled, in that hall. We shall be readily excused, by those who heard it, from any attempt at analytical criticism. We may venture the remark, however, that the continual development of Bro. FORSTER's qualities as a speaking medium, gives promise of great usefulness in the future of his mission.

An Extraordinary Spiritual Test.

A gentleman who resides in this city, but who has not authorized us to use his name, called at Mr. REDMAN's room, on Sunday last, for the purpose of introducing a friend who was visiting him. Besides this friend, a brother of the gentleman first named, was in company with him. The brother was an inveterate skeptic, without the least fellowship with Spiritualism. He called for curiosity, but did not intend to sit at the table for investigation. The

spirits, however, required all in the room to sit up to the table. He did so, and, in a few minutes the spirit of a brother who left the form, in England, at the age of 17, addressed him, through the hand of the medium, writing backwards, from right to left, and giving his name. The skeptical brother asked the spirit if he could tell the manner of his death. This was answered in the affirmative; and the hand of the medium was immediately used to make numeral characters, in the following order:

9—23—1—19—19—13—15—20—8—5—18—5—4—9—
14—20—8—5—5—1—18—20—8—4—5—1—18—2—18—
15—20—8—5—18.

What the meaning of these figures could be, no one could divine, till they were directed to compare, by placing the numerals over the letters of the alphabet, thus:

1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10—11—12—13—14—15
A—B—C—D—E—F—G—H—I—J—K—L—M—N—O
—16—17—18—19—20—21—22—23—24—25—26.
—P—Q—R—S—T—U—V—W—X—Y—Z.

This combination of characters, the reader will find, by examination, spells: "I was smothered in the earth, dear brother."

The fact thus ingeniously and uniquely represented, was, that he and another lad were at play in a sand hole, the projecting bank of which caved in, and suffocated him, before he could be extricated. This test, we understand, proved too potent for the skeptical brother's stoicism; and his tears confessed his conviction.

The gentleman first above alluded to, allows us to give his name to individuals who wish to inquire of him.

Redman, the Doubt Killer.

This gentleman, whose mediumship so emphatically entitles him to the addendum which we have given him, may be addressed at Cincinnati, Ohio, till the 20th inst. Then he will be on his return route, to Boston.

The Philosophy of Music.

We will not attempt to expatiate on it, because we stand in the category which embraces too large a proportion of the community—we do not understand it. We do know, however, that music exercises an influence over the interior human organism, which is soothing and harmonizing, above all things else. Every one who sings or produces harmonious sounds on instruments, knows that it is nearly a physical impracticability for an angry man or woman to give forth a musical note. He who said: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," told an important and beautiful truth, in his own true and beautiful style. The effect of what is termed sacred music, in church service, is to harmonize the aggregate mind of the congregation, and induce a receptive condition, that the discourse, to be delivered, may have its desired effect. And every one who unites in the exercise, is harmonized in a much greater degree than those who listen silently; which is a powerful argument against exclusively choral, and in favor of congregational singing.

There is a philosophy in the adaptation of the language and style of music, which should be carefully studied, that the effect may not be rather prejudicial than favorable to harmony. In the meetings of our Harmonial Conference, great care should be taken in the selection of songs and music. We should, by no means, reject those hymns and tunes which are used in religious organizations generally, merely because they are used by religionists who do not think as we do; but we should reject all poetical language

and sentiment which is libellous to the character of an all-wise and all-loving Father, and in conflict with philosophical and scientific truth, and shut our ears against all the "doleful sounds" of wolf-howling music, the effect of which is to quench the electric fire of devotional life, and whelm the spirit in sadness and gloom. Take, for instance, that "sacred song" of Watts, the commencing stanza of which is:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll;
Damnation and the dead!
What horrors fill the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!"

This, appropriately set to music, would be sufficient to produce an ague fit in every devotional heart; and would produce no sensation in feeling souls but that of horror, or God-cursing hate. And let it be expressly understood that every disembodied spirit who lectures through a medium in Townsend Hall, or any other hall, is, and must be, in sympathy with his audience, and feels what they feel, and that more acutely than they are capable of feeling. Hence, it is not only injurious to the cause in which we are engaged, to have dolorous and lifeless music, but cruel to our heavenly visitants, who leave their abodes of bliss, where music is the bathing fount of the soul, to bring us the heart-cheering-soul-elevating gospel of immortality and eternal upward progression. Then let us show mercy to our spirit friends, and do a signal service to the cause of our beautiful philosophy, by improving, to the best of our ability, that essential element of inspiration, the natural science and practice of harmonic sounds.

Spiritual Manifestations.

We have not, for the last six years, required any evidence in the way of physical manifestations, to bolster up our faith in the spiritual philosophy and religion. We do like, however, to have those close interviews with the spirits of those friends who have "gone before," which bring vividly to our recognition the fact that they bear us in mind continually, and are ever ready to respond to all our legitimate desires.

The room occupied by Mr. REDMAN, the test medium, from Boston, being in the same building in which our office is situated, we occasionally go in, when he has no other company. On one of those occasions, we received an epistle of most precious maternal love, from the spirit of her who gave us our material existence. The manner of it was this: Mr. REDMAN took, from our office, a piece of blank card, of the dimensions of six by nine inches. This he held by one end, in one hand, under the table, with a pencil lying on it. His other hand was lying on the table. It was at eight o'clock in the morning, with as much light as two large windows would afford. There were no other persons in the room, and we sat opposite each other at the table. Directly we heard the pencil move on the paper; and soon it fell upon the floor, when we were told by the raps to look at the card. He drew it from under the table, partially covered with manuscript; to which was appended as a signature, "Your angel Mother."

Two or three evenings after this, we had a square board prepared, with two strips nailed under it which would reach the length of the table. On the board, which was some fifteen inches square, and which was placed in the centre of the bearers, we placed a sheet of blank paper and a pencil. These we put under the table, letting the ends rest upon our knees. A lighted lamp stood on the table; and we had locked the door, so that we might not be disturbed. Very soon we heard rapping; asked the spirits

if they could write; they answered in the affirmative, and we soon heard the pencil move. In two or three minutes they commenced playing with the writing table we had prepared for them, thumping the under side of the table, and our knees, with it.—They then threw it down and told us to look. We took up the paper and found the following communication written on it, in legible characters and straight lines, although the paper was not ruled:

"My dear mortal friend—

The world is filled with evils; each evil in itself a world; each world peopled with little evils; but God, in good time, hath decreed that each evil shall bow as the grain boweth before the zephyr. The great era is yet in the distance, when man shall see his soul as in a mirror. Thy instruments are poor—the music on them inharmonious. [Here follow eleven characters of some language unknown to us.]

Thy friend, gone before.

STEPHEN R. SMITH."

The next evening we put a sheet of paper and a pencil on the floor, under the table, and sat, as before, with a lighted lamp and our hands on the table. In a minute we heard the pencil going; and, in another minute the raps bade us look. We took up the paper and found written on it: "I will bless thee. Be true to truth."

STEPHEN R. SMITH."

A Friendly Visit and Greeting.

One day last week, whilst several gentlemen were conversing in our office, we saw the spirit of our departed friend, STEPHEN DUDLEY, standing near them, with his white robe on. We spoke to him audibly, so that it was remarked by some of those present, who asked us if we saw him. He then disappeared; and, in about ten minutes, Mr. REDMAN, the test medium, came down from his room and brought us the following communication, written from right to left:

MY DEAR FRIEND ALBRO:—O, for a holy walk with God? I've got it—or, rather, His influence. Spiritual manifestations are not half expressive enough of those higher beauties. The first that greeted me when I separated myself from the clay, was: Blessed is he who hath not known the beauties of an eternal world, while on earth, but yet believed them; for the appreciation of them, to the pure spirit, when freed, is like the uncovering of the worm from its earth shell, to soar in mid air 'mong the fragrance of Eden flowers. I wish a long talk with you. I can come, because I understood these realities while on earth; thanks to the higher ones.

Thy spiritual and freed friend,

STEPHEN DUDLEY.

Lecture on the Millennium.

Mrs. MORRELL, the Etherialist, who is a Spiritual trance medium, will lecture, at Temperance Hall, 278 Main street, on Thursday evening of this week. The subject, by Spiritual direction, will be the Millennium, or Golden Age—The fifth great Monarchy according to the Prophets. Those who wish to hear the truths of the Bible sustained, will do well to attend.

HUMANITY.

A wealthy Doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities.—Steele.

The Child and the Man.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY LAST.

We are to speak of an epoch in human history. Man changes, and is both the cause and the subject of change or revolution, even as the globe he dwells upon has its periods of change, and its seasons of peace and of war. The earth has a revolutionary history, even as man has. Rich in material for thought, those grim old battle-fields where the elements met in deadly conflict, and left them thickly covered with the ripening constituents of human life, to the glorious end that human life might be. For this result was the strife, and the establishment of the new empire of manhood over a new world was the victory.

Mark well how nature warred for man before man was—how she trampled upon all apparent law and order for his sake—how institution warred with institution and state with state, as in the human world to-day. The empire of water above, and the kingdom of fire below—is not the earth scarred all over with their conflicts—their alternate victories and defeats? There was a “north” then, and a “south,” and things which did not know that nor any other point of the compass, except the one which looked directly to themselves, just as with us to-day. There was slavery then, and freedom fought it as now, and conquered it too, as it will now. Much that belongs to freedom and to us was in bondage then. In those days your Hudson River was a *Lake*, held “in durance vile;” and if his memory be not impaired by age, might tell how impossible freedom looked to him in his childhood. A chain of deductions, stronger far than any which modern demagogues have forged from the rusty scraps of a dishonored constitution, bound him down, and his “underground railroad” was all in prospective. For how many ages did his pent-up energies beat in vain against his rock-ribbed prison, and his bosom heave and swell like a chained giant panting to be free! But revolution came, and with it liberty. Its waters glide in freedom now, through the “patriarchal institution” Rock conservatism, and it has converted the granite gateway of its ancient prison into an enduring monument of its everlasting freedom!

Your natural forces are all “Abolitionists,” and work for liberty and “free soil.” The elements would seem to be all “Black Republicans.” In those days, as now, no sooner had the respectable “Castle Garden” committee of that epoch got things fixed to its mind, and all the “Doughfaces” comfortable, and the “Hard Shell” dunderpates asleep, than the battle began. Every thing, however respectable, was turned upside down. They never stopped to “compromise” with constitutions, but broke them outright, and “dissolved the Union” with a celerity that would astonish Garrison himself, if that were possible.—Your fire and your water force, your heat and your cold force, with a corps of imponderable “invincibles” by way of pioneers, what levelers are they! and their blows are all dealt for freedom. They never move a muscle but the world is better, freer, happier. Let old Conservatism build as strongly as he may, they will rebuild. He may lock up the rivers, they will set them free; pile up the mountains, they will break them in pieces and scatter their treasures as if inspired with the prophecy that they would be needed.

Nature wages eternal and universal war with Conservatism. The moment an epoch gets “easy in its mind,” and begins to take a “south-side” view of things, preparatory to a comfortable nap of a million of years or so, she calls a “council of war.” Inflammatory speeches are made; time-honored institutions are denounced; sacred things are profaned; established usages held in contempt. Finally, she suggests that General Earthquake take the command in chief, and the result is—*Revolution*.

Revolution, then, must be held as decidedly respectable, if it can be considered respectable to be natural. Man is born of revolutionary parents, and his ancestry dates far beyond “76.” What wonder the instinct of change, of revolution, should be a deathless attribute of man, seeing he was born of it, and imbibed it from the breast of his

mother, and was by her consecrated and sworn, like the Carthaginian of old, to eternal enmity with inertia.

The true man is ever the changing man. The power to grow implies the capacity to change, to revolutionize all within him and without him.

There is a stupid old god, worshiped by all the comfortable in every age, and in our times in particular, whose requirements are of easy comprehension, and whose one commandment is, “*Let things alone!*” A most select and respectable class of worshipers these comfortables, and their “yoke is easy,” and “their burthen light.” “Never do any thing, and let what is done *alone*,” is the simple test of honorable fellowship. Whatever political rule they are born under, or institution they are received into, must be “*let alone*,” that they may be comfortable. “Touch not the Lord’s anointed,” is their motto, meaning themselves always; and they set up the idol of this sublime theology on a globe whose every acre is a revolutionary battle-field and burial-ground, where Nature’s grand army of Radicals had entombed in fossil, beyond the galvanic power of Gabriel’s trump, the organic remains of a world that was, as if Nature, having abolished mastodons and monsters without mercy, would let such a thing live!

Nature, probably because she finds it difficult or inconvenient to change her “*natural heart*,” has never been “a member in good standing” with that Church, but on the contrary has invariably denied their creed and denounced their worship. She will not let things alone herself, nor permit her children to do so. She has an object to accomplish—a manhood to produce, a family of children to grow into free and noble-hearted men. Above all things, she loves her children, and works for them daily, and will have them work too.

Popular religions, as well as other institutions, are necessarily defective, not to say false, and become obsolete even before they can become popular, because they are the mere clothes which man makes for present use or convenience, and which he is constantly outgrowing and wearing out. They never can become a fixity; at best, they can express correctly but a passing moment in the eternal progress of a living man. The new wine must have its new bottles; the new man, his new clothes. Only the dwarfed man can wear the cast-off garments of a former childhood, with any degree of comfort.

Change, therefore, is a necessity of man’s nature, and a law of his being; and Revolution as a means of change becomes a sacred instrument in his hands. When he ceases to exercise that power over himself, he becomes a slave, and loses one of the attributes of manhood. While he is worshiping at the altar of a church and state which require him to *let things alone*, the three are on the high road to destruction. Nature, with her array of revolutionary forces, is stronger than they and she will not let things alone—especially such things. Do but consider! A well-grown man, to all outward seeming, insists on appearing in the streets of the 19th century, in the habiliments of his childhood, and that *we* also, to be respectable, must wear the same garments. Is he to be let alone—can he be let alone with safety even to himself? If you fail to transform him into a gentleman, he will assuredly degenerate into a savage.

The childhood trappings of kingcraft and priestcraft, already worn to tatters—are we to be pleased with them forever? Why, the great thing for which all *Boobydom* burns powder and gets drunk to-day, was the founding a state *without* a king, and a church *without* a priest.

The system of slavery which man adopted when a mere boy, though dignified by the title of “Patriarchal institution”—is no rust to corrode its chains? Is that to be let alone, when the institution of patriarchs themselves is abolished of God and man? Will Paul’s letter to Philemon, read, as it usually is, upside down, so paralyze the life within, and so prevent the chafing of angry elements without, as to preserve its innate deformity and meanness in perpetual youth, when even mummies rot? The thing is not possible.

Fulfill every threat which despotism has made—call the roll of your slaves in the capital of every State in the Union—make a slave-pen of

your seat of Government, and a plantation of every Revolutionary battle-field; enlist in its service all the priests of your religions, and all the statesmen of your parties; and yet it cannot stand—Nature having bidden it to go. It has had a more than twenty-one-years lease of your American Senate, and your American Church. Incense has been burned freely in honor of it. The best timber the market affords has been freely bought up to brace and sustain it. Churchmen and statesmen have been alike sacrificed at its altar, and have done servile duty for its sake. The Bible and the sword have been enlisted in its behalf; and yet, with all its bloated rotundity of figure and flourish of whip, it never was so embeccile, it never looked and felt so mean, as it does to-day beneath this July sun!

You cannot keep vitality in a carcass which Nature has pronounced fit only to *rot*; nor can it be expected that living men will long carry it about on their shoulders with honorable mention.

It has been intimated that this *strange* institution to stand by the side of liberty, came from the childhood of the race. Its root is the natural guardianship of strength over weakness, but its branches, through the perverted culture of children, bear the fruit of oppression; and it may be said in passing, that its evil is, that it prevents the possibility of manhood to the utmost of its influence.

When we look carefully, as we should, at this matter of childhood (and it has its type in the nursery, by which we may know it,) we shall see it covers the whole field of evil, and this fruitful section of it in particular. Children are cruel from ignorance. They have no regard for the frogs, only for the pleasure of pelting them. You see them trample upon the life of a defenseless kitten because they cannot realize that it has the power to feel. But the child outgrows that as manhood advances and its mind expands. Injustice and cruelty are not the natural attributes of a grown humanity; a *whip* is not the symbol of true manhood.

The religious institutions which man made for himself when a child, must, like the clothes of that interesting period, and the amusements of children, all be laid aside by the man. The individual who can find room enough for his limbs in the garments that fitted him forty years ago, has not grown any in all that time. And this is precisely the state of the popular church. It wears the same clothes, and amuses itself with the same routine as at the beginning. But Nature will not have it so; she bids man *grow*; and, by consequence, to remove all obstacles out of the way of his growth, nature throws open her great storehouse of facts and principles, and heaven lets down to him a ladder of inspiration by which he may have access to the very fountain of Divine love and wisdom, to the end that he may become a man. What then is to be the end of a church which insists on remaining a child? Nature has but one alternative for all her forms of life—*grow or rot*.

Another characteristic of infancy which we see clearly exemplified in our religious and political institutions, is, its desire to rule. But Nature *will not have it* rule. The end of such rule is *ruin*; which she cannot afford. Your king and your priest, when they are *men*, and do the *work* of men, she will own them, and bless their work; for she honors manhood everywhere. She indorsed Mohammed, though in nursery phrase an "impostor;" but for that sanctified ass, who, at Constantinople, to-day, does but mumble and gesticulate the inevitable *crudities* of the man, she has no word of commendation, and can by no means bless. When Pope Gregory sent his monks into Britain, she went with them. But for that other quadruped that browses upon the thistles which grow above the ruins of a fallen manhood, and the monuments of a mighty empire, whose bray is heard from the Vatican, and always the loudest when there is nothing to be said; who, when the people ask for *absolution* from oppression and misrule, does, by way of answer, call in all the kindred ears from the common to hear, and help him indorse the moral character of a young Jewess by the name of Mary, who died some two thousand years before he was born, and whose morality in the mean time was never seriously called in question—for such a "representative of *St. Peter*" she has a rather ominous

look in these days—some such look as might be expressed by our own faces did we in the hour of need see the form of a friend before us, and on testing his identity find him *straw*! Nature will indorse a true man, whether right or wrong in theory. But to call an edifice of bricks and mortar, with a congregation in it, whose sole business is to laud and praise the lives and deeds of other men, a *Church*, is mere child's play, and bears less resemblance to the *reality* than a hobby-horse does to the living animal he bestrides in after years.

Nature, having it in her mind to rear *men*, obviously cannot adopt childhood as a final conclusion. Therefore, when a man sets up the determination that matters of church or state shall remain precisely as they are, he does virtually resolve not to grow any more; and we know the alternative. Even Sinai failed to produce institutions which were to last forever; the *good* that was must give place to the *better* which was forthcoming. The Jewish people taking it into their wise heads not to *grow* any more (thinking their old clothes good enough,) mounted guard over them, with a fervent zeal that was *not* effectual. When they took that resolve, we know that notwithstanding the heaven-descended glory of their antecedents, they also took the alternative, and went to pieces as a nation, just like less favored people.

Now, childhood, which, be it remembered, never seems to itself to be such—childhood in the high places of church and state—childhood that does not mean to *grow* any more, is ever the opposing obstacle to natural change or growth, and the immediate cause of revolution. If the chicken will not break the shell for itself, it must be broken for it, or we can have no poultry. This fact has colored the whole stream of human history with blood, and made revolution inevitable.

The particular revolution which is the theme of popular eulogy to-day, is one of a natural series. To laud its deeds of daring and of self-sacrifice is not our present purpose. We will consider all that as done. We have no ink to shed into that popular sea of enthusiasm, mingled with rum, whose surges rise higher and become more boisterous to-day, in proportion to the decline of reason and the sun. It is in the light of an important member of a grand revolutionary family that we should see it if we would understand its true significance. The young *Liberty*, born in 1776, had a *sister* older than himself, who nursed him, and a mother who bore him, or he could never have seen a birthday; nor his modern friends have gotten drunk in honor of it. Like the mother of Moses, who hid her mystic babe in the bulrushes of the Nile, she prepared a couch for the young *Liberty* by the seaside of a wilderness. She spread its "cradle" in the shadow of "Plymouth Rock," and waited "all the days of her appointed time" for the birth of the new child.

And the mother of that babe is yet fruitful. Into the lap of all the ages she places a child to nurse and make them responsible for their bringing up. That the one for which we are held responsible grew while men had it in charge, is certain. That it is a "spoiled child" now, is equally certain; for it has long been left to the guidance of *babes* and *boobies*. No man can enter the nursery now to give it wholesome counsel, but on peril of his life. They have let him live in unholy intimacy with slavery so long, that now he insists on marrying her, with a privilege of bestowing upon her, by way of *pin money*, all the land and all the people he can lay his hands on.

Herein we see the old difficulty, the old cause, and the new necessity for another revolutionary birth. The child of "76" will never be saved except he be "*born again*," and have in future the society and counsel of men. The children have spoiled him. The nursery is in rebellion against the parlor and the kitchen, and asserts its right to rule the whole house, by virtue of its muscular power to use a *whip*! Such rule leads inevitably to revolution, and therefore it concerns us to study well the true indices of childhood, that we may know it wherever it appears.

In the British Parliament, when the chastisement of what they called "American rebellion," and we call the "rights of man," was under consideration, the men in that body said: "My Lords, you cannot conquer

America!" The children said: "We can." And straightway they did not.

Now, the childhood and the manhood we are considering pertain to mentality, and not to muscle, to state, and not to time. The manhood we speak of is not to be gauged by inches, but is that whose "gray hairs" are flowing "wisdoms," and whose "age" is a useful life. Childhood is its opposite. But, as we have seen, this spiritual youth and age have their types in the external. Thus, the first manifestation of physical childhood is that of entire selfishness. The infant demands all things, without thought of return or compensation. The same is true of spiritual childhood, and is one of its unerring indications. Manhood is its opposite.

These two states once walked side by side in the streets of the old Jerusalem, in the persons of Jesus, "the Christ," and Judas, "the traitor." We have no difficulty in distinguishing the man here, though their external stature may have been the same to an inch. George Washington and Benedict Arnold, though with characteristics less sharply defined, are instances to the same point. History holds these examples in her lap with thousands of others for the inspection of wisdom. They are the milestones along her dusty pathway and bloody morasses by which we may mark our progress and measure our growth. Supreme selfishness being the zero of mentality, we have a thermometer that cannot lie by which to measure ourselves and others. The maximum and minimum of manhood are before us; by as much as an individual, a church, or a state are selfish in their ends and aims, by so much are they short of manhood. To attain it, they must leave not only their worn-out clothes, but all their selfishness, behind.

Nature permits not any thing to live for itself, except during the period of its infancy. The full-grown sheep gives man a new coat every year. The manhood state of a tree is marked by the profusion of its ripened fruit, which it shares alike with bird, and beast, and man. She points with her every finger to generosity as the true exponent of manhood, and through it to God, "who giveth all things."

Allied to this supreme love of self is the desire for arbitrary rule over others. The only state over which, by permission of Nature, rule is admissible (and by authority of Scripture the rod is only for the child,) aspires to wield it for its own selfish gratification as against all opposition—to transfer that which belongs appropriately to its own back to its puny right hand as a symbol of power. To-day, perchance, he roars for it with his own mouth, and, to-morrow, with the cannon's mouth; but it is a child's voice in either case, and expressive of a child's love. The voice of manhood, whether from lungs or cannon, is ever against arbitrary power—never for it by any possibility. Search well the record of human experience, and on all its pages this fact will be found—childhood for power, manhood against it.

To go no farther back in history than our own national birth-day, we see what a mere child was George the Third. The newspapers of our times speak of his determination to subdue the American Colonies as his pet weakness. His brother kings of that era were also mostly fools, some of them actually idiotic. Not only was this king a simpleton, but in all the House of Lords there was not a man, that is, a man who could be heard. Childhood ruled the nation—grasping, petted, rapacious, irresponsible childhood, that never grew an inch, and never came to its senses until the rod was wrenched from its hand and applied to its back, as was right and proper. Some of the best English thinkers declare the nation to-day to be all but strangled with "red tape," like a great booby entangled with its own "garters."

Government, as sanctioned by Nature, is weak because of childhood, and presupposes it. There can be no government as of man over man among men. The man "is a law unto himself." Natural government, then, is that of man over child. Manhood is a state, of which every individual is a Peer. The government of childhood is, therefore, pre-eminently unnatural, and must lead to disaster. That church and state wherein it rules, are doomed. They stand opposed to Nature. She indicates her own officials—only the candidates whom she prepares to rule, can rule; all others are pretenders.

In the church and the state (for they must be considered together) it needs a somewhat practiced eye and careful look to detect the child, particularly in the Church, where it is the most mischievous. They seem so serious, and are so sincere at their play, that for a moment one might mistake it for work. Then, the tailor craft, and the way they wear their linen, is apt to deceive. But a boy is not a man, though he wear his shirt on the outside of his coat instead of the inside, and call himself a bishop.

Topple down rudely the cob-house of a child, and you see at once by his sobs and tears of what grave import to him is all that which you esteem so lightly. But you are not deceived at all by this, to the real value of the work, or the mental development of the workman. Be not, then, deceived, though the play be changed.

You may see an exact counterpart of the nursery in the Church.—For cob-house building, we have creed-making. The little people erect a paper fortress to keep the devil (who answers to the hobgoblin of the nursery) out, and themselves in. They most solemnly declare never to live in any other house but that forever. By-and-by it is blown down, and the whole nursery is in mourning.

Again. You shall see them taking little crumbs of bread and sips of wine, with faces quite as earnest, and far more serious, than those other children, with their diminutive tea-set and table, when, by ma's permission, on some high holiday, they receive their little friends in state. Then you may see them in the great public play-house, which they will persist in calling a church, with gilded books in their hands, all bright and shining like a Christmas toy, intent upon the morning "lesson" which has been carefully prepared for them, with the sage consideration that they are not yet out of the nursery, and never will be; while another boy stands on a raised platform to conduct the "exercises." And thus they play at religion. It has been gravely proposed of late years to greatly improve these "exercises" by what is called *intoning the service*, that is to say, by pronouncing the worn-out jargon with a holy snuffle. But let us respect their seriousness, while we do not allow ourselves to be deceived by it. It will do for them, perhaps, but not for well-grown men.

But for them to insist, as they always have, on men's receiving this child's play for gospel, is incendiary in the extreme, and sure to light a fire that will do mischief. Where is the safety when children get to playing with fire? In their mad pranks they have, as we know very well, burned from off the earth some of the noblest men that ever appeared on it; and, like their prototypes of the nursery, crying over the self-demolition of their broken toys, have piously gathered up, and do now worship, not the divine spirit which was manifest in these men, but their "ashes." How all childhood delights in dirt!

TO BE CONTINUED.

BODILY EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.

To fetter the active motions of children as soon as they have acquired a use of their limbs, is a barbarous opposition to nature, and to do so under a pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets or short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well formed, accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold with much heart-felt concern, poor little puny creatures of eight, ten or twelve years of age, exhibited by their parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early proficiency in languages, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind as well as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.

—Were we to point out a person as he passed, and say, "There goes a man, who has no vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth \$500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight.

—The reason why the world is not reformed is because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

From the Cristian Spiritualist.

A Vision.

BY ALIO MORRELL.

I was exceedingly concerned in consequence of what appeared a want of entire harmony among spiritualists, and also contradictory statements from spirits; and seeing as I did, the dying and spiritless condition of the church visible, and seeing with a clairvoyant sight the unholy and corrupt condition of our courts and governmental institutions, I prayed constantly and fervently to know more respecting the mission of Christ.

I said, can it be possible that so many great and good men have sealed their testimony of the Christian religion with their blood, and have been deceived? Can it be possible, thought I, that the religious feelings, and the years of sweet communion and holy veneration with the love of Christ in my soul could be a delusion?

Whereupon I was shown the following very satisfactory vision:

I was standing alone on a mountain; the sunless sky was clear, and the stars of the great firmament, like living, intelligent beings, as they flashed and sent their rays to the earth, seemed to say, "We are Jehovah's ministers and would speak to thee of his wisdom and love."

Anon I heard music, sweet and soft as the breathings of the leafy song. It came like a rolling wave, louder and louder, until the entire azure heavens resounded with one perfect anthem of ethereal and harmonious sounds of celestial praise.

Thought I, this must be holy ground. With a feeling of fervent veneration I knelt there, and with a spontaneous outgushing of the love that burns in the soul, my spirit prayed to great Jehovah that I might be shown the real meaning of this wonderful manifestation.

I heard a voice in the Hebrew* language, whose very tone was *Power and Truth*, say, "Daughter of Earth, arise, and we will show thee the great Eastern and Western Light, and the breaking Dome, which has hitherto been the boundary of man's vision."

I beheld, high in the heavens, a mighty circle of bright and glorified angels; such was their brilliancy and power they seemed to me like a constellation of Gods. A constant sea of spiritual aroma and purified light radiated from them in cycles, wave after wave, and as it reached the earth's sphere I could see that it had a powerful effect on lower spirits which caused them to shed forth a mighty influence on mortals.

One from the circle approached me and said: "Fear not, child of ours; we are also children of earth. Many of yon bright circle lived out an earth-life on this consecrated land. They were the true prophets of God when in the earth form, and are now seers of elevated and mighty power in the spirit-home. Where thou standest is the Mount of Olives; yon is the *Salem of Metchisidek, the Jerusalem of David and Solomon*.

"There," said he, "is the ancient Zion, where the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah was guarded by his holy angels.

"In the days of Solomon, when the power and wisdom of God was made manifest in the Temple, the world had a faint type of the great Millennial era—the Divine government."

The scene changed, and I saw the great circle descend near the earth, and one from the centre approached a maiden and said: "Hail! Thou art blessed of God, and shall be the mother of the promised Christ, the *King of Kings*."

My guide said: "Thou seest Jerusalem in her last days; the earthly sceptre will soon depart from Judah, and the great Eastern Light will be removed from Jerusalem, and in a new form will shine out among the nations of the earth; and until the fulness of the Gentile race the Ark of the Covenant will not find a resting-place on the earth."

My attention was attracted to a class of men in the east, and among

all the surrounding nations who worshipped by different rituals, many of whom were clear, and easily received instruction from the circle of Prophecy.

The scene changed, and I heard the same heavenly cadence that first saluted my ear.

I looked up, and high in the deep heavens I saw thousands of circles, one above another—one mighty congregation of spirits and angels.

And with the sound of deep-toned thunder, like the voice of God that filled all space, I heard these words: "When another *Star* is added to the galaxy of the *Celestial Kings* the sons of God shout for joy."

"This," said my guide, "is the birth of the promised Christ, the King of your world—your God—inasmuch as all power pertaining to your world is given to Him. Yon," said he, "is Calvary; and thou shalt see the greatest event that ever has transpired on your earth, even the *CORONATION of a God*."

I saw a few mortals surround One, about whose head was a halo of celestial light.

I saw him crowned by mortals, and at the same time He was crowned by the Sons of God.

And such was the immense congregation of spirits and angels on the earth, and such was the immense cloud of spiritual atmosphere in which they descended, that a large space of the earth's atmosphere was displaced and driven back, and up from the earth.

The spiritual atmosphere being infinitely lighter than the atmosphere of the earth, the earth's surface was relieved of its usual pressure when the pressure on the inner surface or crust upheaved, and the solid stratas of the earth broke and rent with a great sound.

The earth's atmosphere being driven back and up with great violence, the oxygen and hydrogen of the air were so condensed that, like a dense cloud, it obscured the sun, and caused darkness round about Jerusalem.

And as a sign that the sceptre had departed from Judah, the vail of the temple was rent from top to bottom.

The scene changed, and my attention was directed to a mighty Dome, which in size corresponded to the azure sky, and closed in with the horizon, but was perfectly visible and appeared like solid marble. High in the Dome was an object which, on close inspection, I could distinctly see was the presence of the Messiah. On the east of the Dome was a small fissure, through which a little light could flow; and it was by that light that a few of earth's children could faintly see the throne of the Messiah.†

I could see emanations from the throne that controlled all the national governments on the earth.

The scene changed, and my guide said: "I will show thee the ministers and martyrs of Christ."

I saw many good and pure men go out and preach the coming Kingdom of Righteousness. I saw the animal and selfish principle in man rise up against those pure and enlightened teachings; and many were slain, but they were sustained and filled with the Holy Spirit; and many in the midst of flames of fire sang and glorified God. And new workers in the field would spring up, as it were, from their ashes and fill the ranks.

I saw many after they entered the spirit-home continue to preach the gospel of Christ, and would impress the new ministers with the holy theme.

I saw the church, the *Arcana* of spiritual power, spread and grow stronger and stronger, until those that acknowledged the great Eastern Light bore sway over the entire earth.

My vision was then turned to the Dome, and for the first time I saw a small opening on the west side of the Dome, and as the light flowed

* The reader will notice that spirits sometimes speak to me in the Hebrew tongue; to all clairvoyant mediums this will appear rational and perfectly consistent; but to those who do not comprehend the condition, I deem it necessary to say, when in the superior state, I can understand all languages as perfectly as I can understand the English language.

† I asked the question why the Messiah was so frequently represented as occupying a throne, to which my guide responded: "With the developments of your race, the paucity and doubtful meaning of your words, we have great difficulty in conveying to mortals what we would wish; in consequence of which we present high spiritual things in tableaux, to correspond to their capacity to comprehend."

through the fissure the throne could be more distinctly seen. I noticed many spirits, both on the inside and outside of the Dome, viewing the opening long before it was noticed by any mortal. In time a very few mortals in groups could discern the Western Light; and as the fissure opened wider and wider, I could see more and larger groups gazing at it with admiration and joy.

Many groups which represented the many different sects, stood carelessly looking in the direction of the Eastern Light, many of whom did not appear to know the meaning of the Light, and could not discern the throne.

Many who stood looking at the Western Light, and could see the throne and the increase in the fissure, called out to the other party and tried to direct their attention to the great Western Light. Some heeded the call, but far the greater part said, "The church, as it *now is*, will stand forever; since the fathers fell asleep miracles have ceased." Others would say, "It is all the work of the devil;" and with a dogged stubbornness refused to look up, apparently afraid they should see and believe.

Soon the fissure on the west of the Dome opened until the Eastern and Western Lights merged into one, and the mighty Dome opened in every direction, and the light from the celestial realms flowed in like a flood.

And I saw the throne of the Messiah surrounded with millions of spirits from every nation on the earth, in circles, according to their development, the high and mighty angels nearest the throne.

On the earth I saw great scientific developments. I saw one great and harmonious family arranged in circles according to their condition as respects *wisdom* and *love*, and all the nations were mingled into *one*, and the children of earth were all happy.

"What you call civilization," said my guide, "is what we in the spirit land, call *Ethereal* or *Spiritual* light and knowledge. The first spiritual manifestations, and consequently the first developments in the great work of civilization, commenced in what mortals in your land call the east, and has moved like a never-ebbing wave in the direction of what you call the west.

The light has encircled your globe; the time has come when another Zion will be reared in the name of the great Jehovah, and there the Ark of God's Covenant with his people shall rest forever.

"The Eastern Light also represents the church of the Covenant and the Gospel of Christ.

"The Western Light represents the outpouring of the Holy Spirit o'er all flesh, according to the promises of God, and the second advent of the Messiah or the establishment of God's holy and righteous Kingdom on your earth.

"The great marble Dome represents the vail that God, in his wisdom and love, has permitted to exist between the material and spirit worlds.

"Henceforth the Tabernacle of God will be with men, and He shall be their God and they shall be His people."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air will do at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and suppose you live forty years only after you have commenced that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say "I would if I could."

—*Sidney Smith.*

—The latest snake story appears in the *Baltimore Sun*, in a letter from Tully, Lewis county, Missouri. The reptile is described as two feet long, two inches in diameter in the centre, *with a perfect head at both ends*, and the ability to run both ways with equal facility!—*Whew!—Saratoga Rep.*

You need not exclaim "*whew.*" The story is true enough.—His snakeship, however, is dead now. His two heads, like many other two heads, took different notions as to the course which they should pursue, and pulled the body in two. Let husbands and wives beware of his fate.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM.

A good story is told of a gentleman of rank and fortune in Ireland who fancies one of his legs of one religion and the other of another!—He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate legs outside the bed-clothes to punish it for its heretical sentiments.

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